

## Carnival Love

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Summary: Ponyboy hasn't been to the carnival since his parents died, but that boy with dark curls in his hair sure looks familiar. Once their eyes meet, green mixing blue, memories come back. But that's impossible! It couldn't be him, could it? (Purly story) (First story post here!)

## Carnival Love

\_9 years ago \_

\_A five year old boy with exquisite greenish-grey eyes walked through the carnival entrance. Red acceptance band wrapped around his left wrist, his right hand clenched tightly in his mother's, who had the same brilliant eyes as the smallest and youngest member of the family. "Sodapop Patrick Curtis!" The mother screeched out, grabbing her second oldest son by the back of his shirt. The seven year old blond child with chocolate eyes looked up to his mother, "What have I told you about trying to run off?" His mother scolded. "Sorry momma." The blonde said, hanging his head low. A twelve year old Darrel Curtis, the oldest of the Curtis brothers, came running up next to his mother followed by his father. "What's with all the yellin'?" Darrel asked looking from his brothers to his mother's face and back. "Oh honey, you know your brother, always trying to run off!" His mother replied. Their father laughed and ruffled the littlest boy's auburn hair, then Soda's blonde locks. "But momma!" Soda started, "The carnival only comes once a year!" Soda stuck out his bottom lip and crossed his arms over his chest. "Pepsi-Cola, the carnival stays all summer long before they pack up and moving to the next town." "Dad, today is the last day, I'll have to wait until next summer, and school starts soon!" Sodapop said almost growling at the thought of school. "Ok then, next summer you'll have plenty of time to come and ride the rides, play the games, go to the circus, what ever you want. As long as you stay with us." His father said, putting street on the word 'stay'. Although the blonde had a tendency to wander off and be adventurous, he could try and follow his parents wishes to stay with

the- or at least with in ear and eye shot of them. The auburn haired, green eyed youngest of the family looked around, his large eyes full of wonder, cheeks rose red from the sunny day and dusted with freckles that'd disappear in time. "Ponyboy." Darrel said, picking him up effectively getting him out of the tight grasp their mother had on him. "Darry, can we go to the rides now?" Pony asked. Darrel looked at his mom who nodded in an approving way. "Okay, yeah we can." Darrel said setting the littlest boy down and holding out his hand which the auburn happily took, Soda came walking up next to them smiling happy. "Meet us at the circus tents in one hour so I can check up on you guys, love you." Their mother smiled and kissed them all on their heads. "Okay mom, love you. Come on kid brothers." Darrel said tugging on Pony's hand gently and waving Soda on to follow him. —

"Soda come on!" Darry groaned and ran a hand through his hair as he bounced Pony, who's legs started hurting from the hour of walking they'd been doing, on his hip. "But I wanna go on this ride!" Soda whined, stomping his foot. "Well come back after we go see momma, the hours up and she'll be worried. When we're done I'll bring you back to ride it. Momma bought the arm bands access things for four hours. We have plenty of time." Darry explained calmly as Soda followed behind him. As the three brothers neared the first red and white circus tent, Darry stopped and sat Pony down. As Pony took off running towards their mother, Darry walked at a calmer pace with Soda by his side. "Oh my babies! You're all okay!" Their mother said hugging all of her sons. "We're fine ma!" Soda said laughing. "Yea mom, they had me there to protect them, what did you think could happen?" Darry said, a proud smirk on his face and 'over protective big brother' happiness oozing out of him. "Ah yea my darling son, how could I forget I sent the best bit brother in the world to watch after his little brothers," Their mother said pinching Darry's cheek. "But I still worry." Soda smiled a wide missing tooth grin at his brother and parents. As his family were talking, planning on what part of the carnival they'll go to next and where plus when they'll meet back up, the almost forgotten green eyed child wandered around the tent, but making sure he was still in eye shot of his brothers and parents. He stepped inside the now abandoned tent, as the circus performers had finished their show long ago and are all back stage resting. Once he was half way inside the auburn child realized he wasn't the only one in the tent, he stepped behind the front flaps to the opening of the red and white striped "Building". —

"Shepard!" A loud and throaty shout came from inside making the Pony wince at the loudness. "What!" Came the answer. Ponyboy's curiosity took over and he peeked inside behind the clothed flap, a chunky man with a curvy mustache had his large meaty hands on his hip as he towered over a boy, not as old as Darry but not nearly as young as Soda, his dark blue eyes piercing through the large man and his dark hair slicked back with hair grease. "I need you to go get Jonas and meet me back here in twenty minutes, got it Tim." The said man stated not asked. "Whatever." Tim said already walking to the 'door'. Stepping away from the opening, Pony quietly followed behind the dark hair greaser, the older mumbling words under his breath. "I should check on ma and them." He said to no one. Pony followed a bit more closely as he and Tim, who didn't realize or care one that he had a tail following him. As they met a clearing up he saw a long line, which Tim had cut completely ignored through all the shouts and complaints. At the beginning of the line was a small building of sorts and above the door read a sign that said "Gypsy Physic".

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Tim opened the door and stepped inside, Pony quick to follow with no one to see him. Once inside Pony found a purple curtain, stepping behind it so no one would see him. "Mom!" Tim shouted out, as a young girl that looked around Soda's age and height came bouncing out through the door coming to stand by her brother, her long dark curls bobbing behind her and her blue eyes peering up. "Angela, where's mom?" Tim asked his little sister, reaching down and running his hand through the girl's hair. "Momma took a break out back." The girl replied with a smile. "Hm, where's Curly then? Angela your to watch your baby brother, remember?" Tim said gently. "Don't worry!" Angela said walking through a door that led to a bedroom in the small shake. She came out moments later bouncing a six year old Curly on her hip. "He was just napping!" Angela smiled as Curly rubbed one of his eyes sleepily. "Okay good." Tim said, giving one of his small and very rare smiles as he ruffled the six year old's hair. Angela set the boy down as she talked with her older brother. Curly walked around aimlessly as his older siblings talked, coming to a stop at the purple curtain. noticing it was moving but no windows were open for wind to blow it, something his older counter-parts seemed to either not notice or care. Walking behind it quietly, poking his head around the corner he jumped at the sight of a small green eyed, auburn haired boy. Pony stood frozen, his eyes locked with the boy's, emerald green-grey stared into dark ocean blue. The boy, who's dark hair curled around his head, smiled. Just when he was about to say hello he heard his name being called. "Curls! Where'd ya go?" The curly haired child's older brother called out. The dark haired boy jumped and buried away to his siblings. "Okay," Tim said once Curly stood in front of him, "I'll be back later, tell mom I'll be home. Angel watch Curly." Angela nodded. As Tim opened the door and stepped out, he once again failed to notice the small child following him. But as the door was closing, he didn't fail to notice the other child look at him, their eyes once again meeting. —

Racing through the crowds of people, coming to a stop at the tent he left his family at, smiling brightly to see they were still there. Talking to the police. Running up to Soda and jumping in his arms, smile still on his face. "Ponyboy!" His mother and father screamed out happily to see their baby in his big brothers arms. As the family hugged the small child the officer chuckled and walked away. "We don't need to worry about ol' Soda here runnin' off, we might have to put a leash on all of our boys." Mr. Curtis laughed. "I think we've had enough excitement for today, well come back in a few days. Come on." Mrs. Curtis said smiling brightly and picking up Pony, placing him on her hip. "Pony, Johnny will be coming to spend the day with you tomorrow!" Darry said out of nowhere. "Oh yea! Your right Dare. Thanks for reminding me honey." Mrs. Curtis smiled at her oldest son. "Can I ask Steve to come over?" Soda asked, bouncing on the hill on his shoes as he walked. "Sure sweetheart." Mrs. Curtis said. "You think Paul can come over?" Darry asked. "If he wants to." Mr. Curtis answered this time. The family found their car in the parking lot, loading up, Darry helping Pony into his seat. As they were driving off, Pony couldn't help but look back out the window. Smiling when he found that the dark hair boy watching him drive away. Once again their eyes meet, colors mixing. As Curly watched the car drive away, eyes never leaving the other boy's until he was out of sight. He had a feeling he'd see those beautiful again. —

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